

## BIG WOMEN

in the "lifestyle" section,  
a journalist has solicited the views  
of leading feminists who, in  
light of the film, have re-read  
little women.

some try to interpret the novel  
as proto-crypto-feminism:

a circle of young females engaged  
with the world of art and intellect.

most, however, complain of its insidiousness,  
how it reinforces the (thankfully)  
outmoded and discredited (sneer)  
"virtues" of humility, self-  
sacrifice, and patience in potential  
wives and mothers.

## WAS CHANTICLEER HENPECKED?

sigmund freud professed not to know  
what it was that women wanted,

but geoffrey chaucer knew  
what every wife since eve desires:

control.

## SOUR PUSS

my wife's cat had tiptoed out  
onto the patio frame  
from which she loved to taunt my dog  
who was, as usual, leaping clumsily,  
like a white female basketball player,  
in vain defense of its territory.

at that moment i had a brainstorm:  
i went to the cupboard  
and returned with one of those  
pigzear doggie treats. i had selected  
the largest and most conspicuous one  
i could find.

"good doggie," i said, "here's your nice  
pigzear for being such a good doggie.  
the bad kitty doesn't get any treats



like your nice pigzear. you don't ever  
have to pay any attention to the bad kitty  
that has to sit up there  
with nothing to chew on  
while you enjoy  
your nice pigzear."

so the dog lay down on the patio  
avidly masticating its tasty smoked morsel,  
and the cat's ears went back like a lynx  
and its fur stood on end  
as it rose to all fours and retreated,  
with a hateful glance at me,  
out of the province of the dog.

#### TOUGH TURKEY

she's stubborn.  
she won't admit you can't  
flush sanitary napkins;  
thus, the toilet's always clogged.  
this time she pours the extra  
grease from the turkey down  
the kitchen drain without even  
running the hot water, and of  
course it hits the cold pipes and  
solidifies. the drain backs up  
into the tub. for two days she  
pours every type of industrial-  
strength drano into it until i'm  
driven from the house to salvage  
what is left of my lungs. for once  
i had a cushion of a hundred bucks  
in my account, but by the time the roto-  
rooter guy gets done it's costing  
more than that. she says she'll pay, but  
one way or another it eventually will come  
out of my pocket. it's also killed  
a saturday which i badly needed for getting  
caught up on a couple of long overdue  
commitments. the worst thing is that i feel  
sorry for her because i know she knows she's  
pretty well fucked up not just thanksgiving  
but the whole damn weekend. she looks as  
depressed as all those people you read about  
around the holidays. so it cost me  
money, time, good spirits, and now i'm  
already feeling guilty about once again  
betraying her in print.